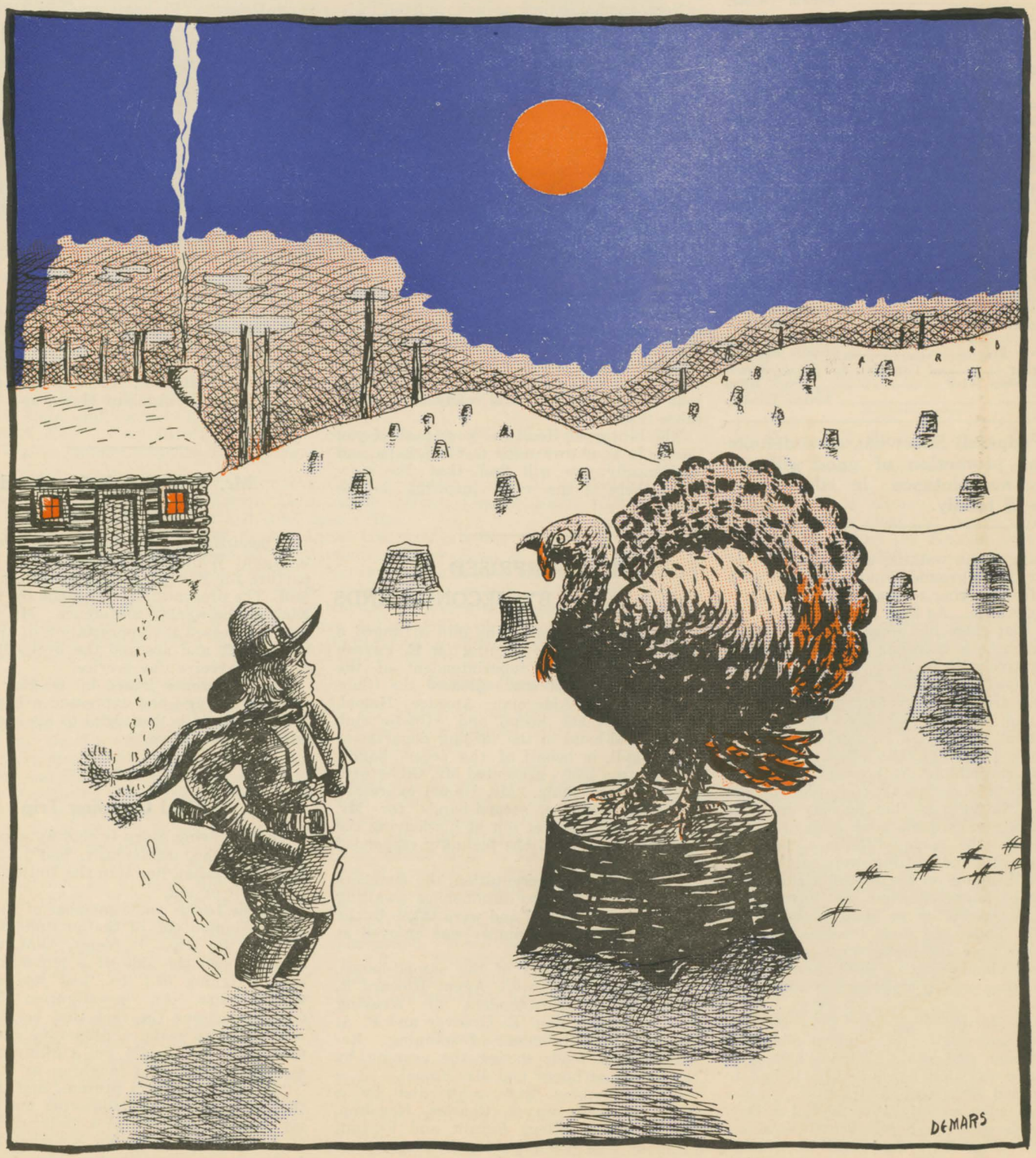
PEPPERELL SHEET

Published by and for the

Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company

VOL. II NOVEMBER, 1927 NO. 7



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BIDDEFORD, MAINE, DIVISION U.T.S

WALTER WENTWORTH, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Hospital ..... Martha Curley, R. N.
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THE ROMANCE OF PEPPERELL

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HOW A GREAT INDUSTRY DEVELOPED AT BIDDEFORD TOGETHER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING HOW PEPPERELL WIDE SHEETINGS AND PILLOW TUBINGS ARE MADE.

(Continued from October)

He subsequently found trees of cotton of sufficient fine quality to be woven into good cloth. He also saw handkerchiefs of fine cloth very symmetricaly woven and worked in colors. Under date of October 16, he speaks of seeing, on the Island of Fernandina, cotton cloth made into mantles. Speaking again under date of October 16 of cotton, Columbus says of the natives, "Their beds and bags for holding things are like nets made of cotton." Here Columbus says they "saw married women wearing breeches made of cotton, but the girls do not, except some who have reached eighteen."

This is especialy interesting because it shows that very early the American natives, particularly those of the South, not only raised cotton, but wove it into fabrics and garments of various kinds. Balls of native cotton spun on distaffs by natives of Guiana, South America, and similar to those spoken of by Columbus, are to be seen in the museum at Georgetown, Demerara.

Colonial Use of Cotton as a Garden Flower

So far as is known, the first mention of cotton growing in the United States proper is by de Vaca, who found it in 1536 in what is now the States of Louisiana and Texas. The English colonists sowed the first cotton-seed in Virginia in 1607. In 1620 a pamphlet, called the "Declaration of the State of Virginia," stated that cotton wool was to be had there in abundance, and in 1621 cotton is quoted at eightpence a pound. Many travellers mention the cultivation of cotton in America during the seventeenth century and early half of the eighteenth century. One of the first large cargoes of cotton for the colonies was brought to Salem by the ship "Desire" in 1638. The "Trial" was the first vessel to unload a cargo of cotton at Boston. It is mentioned in Virginia in 1649, in South Carolina in 1664, 1682, 1702, 1731, and 1741, and in Georgia in 1735, 1738, and 1749.

It was regarded, however, as a garden plant rather than for domestic use in most localities except parts of South Carolina and Georgia, and it was not until after the Revolution that its cultivation began on a large, systematic scale in the South. Apparently, cotton was used more extensively in the South than it was in New England during the early colonial days.

In a letter written by Jefferson in 1786, there is found the following paragraph:

"The four southernmost States make a great deal of cotton. Their poor are almost entirely clothed with it in winter and summer. In winter they wear shirts of it, and outer clothing of cotton and wool mixed. In summer, their shirts are linen, but the outer clothing cotton. The dress of the women is almost entirely of cotton, manufactured by themselves, except the richer class, and even many of these wear a great deal of home-spun cotton. It is as well manufactured as the calicoes of Europe."

There were two causes which militated against Southern cotton growing during this country's connection with England. The first was the discouragement by England of the establishment of any industry in this country that would compete with the English cotton industry; and, secondly, there were no means of cleaning the American cotton from the seed even after it was grown, so that it was only when the Revolution cut off trade with England that the Southern cotton growers, stimulated by the home demands, set about growing cotton systematically.

The raw cotton was purchased by the colonists in small quantities and used at first for stuffing bedquilts and petticoats and other similar purposes. The seeds were removed by hand, one by one. Sometimes the cotton was carded on the wool-cards and spun into yarn which was used as warp for the old-fashioned fabric known as linsey-woolsey, and also for rag carpets. Occasionally one thread of cotton and one of wool were made into a yarn which was used for knitting stockings. Its possibilities in the manufacture of cloth were undreamed of, and it was so difficult to clean that the demand for it was very small. Even Lady Pepperrell, who, as the wife of one of the most prosperous merchants of colonial times, was accustomed to seeing business done on a large scale, would have been unable to conceive of an industry as vast as that of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company which now occupies the land once owned by her husband on the banks of the Saco.

It would be interesting to speculate upon her emotions, could she visit even one of the storehouses of this Company today and watch the loads of baled cotton from the South as they are taken from the cars and stored in the immense brick building, six stories high, which stands beside the railroad track. To one who was accustomed tomed to seeing only a few pounds of cotton at a time, the sight of this building, where as many as 35,000 bales, each weighing about 500 pounds, can be stored, would be decidedly bewildering. And if she could step into a room at one end of the building and watch the cotton as it is pulled apart in hoppers of the openers, and is then drawn into the mouth of a large tube through which it is blown all the way to the mills, some of which are fully a quarter of a mile away, she would doubtless declare that the whole thing was the result of black magic.

Invention of the Cotton Gin.

In the early days the separation of the cotton from the seed and boll was slow and tedious, owing to the work being done by the hand labor of the large slave population of the South. It was largely the work of colored women, who separated the seed and cleaned the cotton from the boll with their finger-nails, and it took a negro a day to pick a pound of cotton from the boll and separate it from the entangled seed. All that could be produced in the year 1792 was 138,324 pounds.

The invention of the cotton gin, perfected in April, 1793, by Eli Whitney, a graduate of Yale, revolutionized the industry, and enabled a negro to clean five thousand pounds of cotton a day, thereby greatly increasing the supply of American cotton. Indeed, within a few years of the invention of the gin the production had grown from one hundred thousand and odd pounds to many millions of pounds of cotton a year, and had stimulated the cotton industry so greatly that the production of cotton goods led all others. As a boy, young Whitney had given evidence of his remarkable inventive genius, for he was constantly experimenting along various lines. Once while his father was at church the boy took his watch to pieces and then successfully put the different parts back again. After his graduation from Yale he decided to study law; and, to secure the necessary means, he became a tutor in the family of General Nathaniel Greene, near Savannah, Georgia. One day some gentlemen who were visiting at this home commented upon the slow process which was required to remove the cotton seed from the boll. Mrs. Greene suggested that they get her young friend, Mr. Whitney, to invent some means of doing the work more swiftly, declaring that he could make anything. At this time Whitney had never see cotton or cotton seed, but he hunted up some the next day and immediately set to work upon his invention, which was completed in April, 1793.

Cotton could now be used to a far greater extent than ever before, but it took James Hargreaves' invention of the spinning-jenney and Cartwright's power looms to place cotton manufacturing upon a firm industrial basis.

After undergoing the process of ginning, cotton was shipped to the locality where it was to be spun. But even then it usually retained a great deal of leaf and other foreign matter enmeshed in its fibre.

This was removed by the process of "Willowing," which was so called because the cotton spread on a light hammock of cords, called the bowstring, was beaten with willow switches. The process dated back to prehistoric times. Cotton for fine spinning was carefully washed, and was always soaked with water and dried so that the fibres would cling together.

First Steps in the Invention of Cotton-Making Machinery.

Hurd's History of Middlesex County quotes Daniel Knapp as giving this account of the way cotton was cleaned: "In the spring of 1814 my parents were young laboring people, with five small children, the oldest not over eleven years old. We had the cotton brought to our house by the bale to pick to pieces and get out the seeds and dirt. We children had to pick so many pounds per day as a stint. We had a whipping machine made four feet square, and about three feet from the floor was a bed-cord running across from knob to knob near together, on which we put a parcel of cotton, and with two whip sticks we tightened it up and got out the dirt and made it ready for the card."

The carding process which followed, and which in turn was followed by the spinning, consisted of combing the cotton between two surfaces of wire bristles.

(Continued in December)

PEPPERELL SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC CLUB MARATHON GRAND SUCCESS

CLARENCE DE MAR WAS A FAVORITE WITH THE BOY SCOUTS.

The Field Day and Marathon of the Pepperell Social and Athletic Club on Oct. 22 proved to be one of the finest sporting events which the club has ever attempted. Clarence De Mar of Melrose, Mass., world champion distance runner and hero of several B. A. A. marathons, came through the winner in the 10-mile feature event. There were several well known runners from different parts of New England entered in the race who had never been in this vicinity before, giving the local sport fans a chance to see these men and to witness their work.

A large number of people were attracted to the city by this event and brought a great deal of business to the merchants of this city and Saco. Many of them came and spent the day while others came in just for the afternoon and evening. It is thought that one of the largest crowds ever seen at a sporting event in this city would have been in attendance had it not have been for the many who were drawn to the football games outside of the city. This will be overcome next year as plans are now underway to have the carnival take place in August, early enough so that the football games and any other fall sport will not interfere with the attendance.

Most of those entered in the Marathon being veterans at the game, a thrilling race was staged in which Jimmy Hennigan, the scratch man, was nosed out by De Mar in a fast sprint at the finish by only a few strides.

A crowd estimated at more than a thousand watched the thrilling finish at the park and many people came out on the streets and watched the runners at different points along the route.

The runners came into Prospect Park quite closely bunched after starting from the park, running down Alfred street, through Main to Harmons corner, thence along Elm street to Eastman park, Saco, along Main street, Saco, through Main street, this city, again, and up Elm and down Alfred to the park.

The runners and the order in which they started were as follows: Clarence De Mar, Melrose, Mass., 1; James Hennigan, Malden, Mass., 2; Jack Lamb, Biddeford, 3; George L. Dodge, Boston, 4; John W. Anderson, 5; John A. Kelley, 6; Jack Colpitts, Saco, 7; Walter Kilroy, Dorchester, Mass., 8; George McAlpine, Malden, Mass., 9; Allen D Millet, Rumford, 10, and M. Silver, Boston, 11.

In circling the track at the park, De Mar and Hennigan staged a pretty contest; first one and then the other went into the lead on different laps. On the last lap, De Mar went into a sprint as they rounded third base and headed for the finish line at home stretch. Hennigan, despite the handicap, had been able to pass the veteran several times, but in the drive at the finish De Mar had a little too much stuff left and his sprint carried him across the line a fifth of a second ahead of Hennigan. Dodge and Lamb had been trailing the veterans in the meantime, and an idea of the close race can be gained from the fact that the runners were clocked in the following order: De Mar, 1.11; Hennigan, 1.11 1-5; George L. Dodge, 1.13, and Jack Lamb, 1.13½. John W. Anderson of Melrose finished in fifth place. Millett of Mechanic Falls and Jack Colpitts of Saco, a member of Company A, 103rd infantry, who were behind the leaders in that order coming into the park, did not finish, feeling that they could not improve their position by going around the track. Colpitts, who had entered a 10-mile race for the first time, made an excellent showing, and will probably be heard from if he sticks to the game.

The finish of the grind was a sight that gave followers of the running game as much of a thrill as those unfamiliar with the game, the veteran De Mar finishing with sweat running off his face, though he had plenty of reserve power and was able to keep space between himself and Hennigan every time the two closed in during the last laps. The seemingly effortless method of running of the veterans was a treat to watch.

Jack Lamb, the local runner, was far from being himself in the race. Jack had been suffering from a severe cold and he told the reporter after the race that he would not attempt it again in his condition. "I would not disappoint the people Saturday for anything, but I tell you it was some task for me to continue the 10 miles."

The tug-of-war team from the fire department in this city and that from the department in Saco proved interesting to the big crowd. On the first pull the Saco team offered strong opposition, first one side gaining advantage, then the other turning the tables. The team from the department in this city finally pulled the Saco team over the line. The second pull was won by the Biddeford team in short order. Major Gill, retired British army man, employed at the Saco-Lowell Shops, refereed the contest.

The relay race scheduled did not take place, the Saco-Lowell and A. O. H. teams not showing up to compete with the team from the Pepperell club. As the crowd wanted to see a relay, two teams of two teams each were organized and staged an interesting race. The team made up of Fred Clark and Oscar Goudreau won the event from a team made up of Wilfred Cote and Prescott Howard.

After the programme at the park, the runners who had taken part in the events were taken to the Dubreuil restaurant, Main street, where they were tendered a banquet by the officials and members of the Pepperell Social and Athletic club. Clarence De Mar and Jimmy Hennigan spoke during the banquet, speaking highly of their treatment in the city and offering to come back to the city next year and help boost the game in Maine. De Mar was awarded the first prize and Jimmy Hennigan the time prize. Other prizes were also awarded the others who finished in the running.

The track coach of the Edward Little high school at Auburn acted as referee and starter for the races, and Charles Hazelton, chairman of the committee on arrangements, as timekeeper.

Preceding the athletic events, a parade was held from Harmons corner through Main street to Eastman park, Saco, then back through Main street to this city and to the park. In the line of march were Troop 1, Boy Scouts, in charge of Scoutmaster Joseph Small, as escorts; platoons of police from this city and Saco; Painchauds band, with Richard A. Chasse as drum major; Company A, 103rd Maine infantry, in charge of Lieutenant G. Carroll Carter; officials of the Pepperell club in charge of the meet; members of the Saco and Biddeford fire departments walking, and the chemical and ladder trucks of the two departments.

The programme proved one of the best of the kind ever held in this section and indicated much work on the part of the committee members in charge. Members of the Pepperell club, through their president, Alderman Amedee Hamel, extended their thanks to everyone who cooperated with them in any way to make the event such a success, and especially to the runners who competed in the events.

Jere Buckley has moved from Smiths Corner to West Myrtle street, and it is said the move was made so that he could be near the big game and his Turkey dinner, Thanksgiving Day. He says he will probably move back to ward 6 after Thanksgiving.

STAR RUNNERS COMPETE IN PEPPERELL MARATHON.
From left to right: Jack Colpitts, Clarence De Mar, Jack Lamb, James Hennigan, Allen Millett, George Dodge and John W. Anderson.

Sporting Notes

Clarence De Mar and Jimmy Hennigan made a great hit with the local fans. They are a swell pair and when it comes to running Marathons few, if any, are better.

President Amedee Hamel, Scotty Hinse, Harry Cavanaugh, Arthur Murphy, John Lane, George Moulen, Walter Smith, Ralph Morse and others are deserving of much credit for the grand success of the Marathon. It was a great first annual and let's hope that all will be on deck for the second annual next fall. It has been suggested that the Marathon be held some time in August and while the tourists are at the beaches.

Ralph Morse did not miss a lap on the runners as they finished at Prospect park. Bobby was right on his job.

Joe Vachon, our star pitcher, is learning the route from Saco to Lewiston to perfection, and especially over the week end. How is she, Joe?

Syl. Kelley, one of the outstanding players of the Pepperell ball team, has taken up farming as a side issue. Mr. Kelley has hired a farm "up country" and his evenings are much taken up in an "International Course of Farming," and "How To Make Potatoes Grow Up." Friends of Mr. Kelley say they always thought he had a leaning towards farming and prophesy that he will be a "success."

Hackett Hazelton comes out point blank as a prognosticator and says Biddeford High will beat Thornton by two touchdowns. So sure is Hackett that he says, "Come on, you bettors of 1927!"

The Dressing department trio: Hazelton, Kelley and Buckley, are a classy trio. They can tell whether it is going to rain or not. Of course they get plenty of opposition.

Bowling is getting red hot and it is about time for "Punk" Lavigne and "Hook Ball" Driscoll to tell how they do it.

A bowling league is just the thing to fill in for the winter months and would create a lot of interest. Here's another chance for the Social and Athletic club to go over the top in sports. Put up prizes for the winners. It is the real winter sport.

The Pepperell Social and Athletic club is not represented in football this season for the reason that they have been pretty busy in sports the past summer and fall. The fans miss the Pepperell football team and next year all hope to see the Social and Athletic represented by a fast and winning gridiron outfit. There is talent galore for a champion team among the Pepperell young men.

President Amedee Hamel has been warmly congratulated in connection with the great Marathon and the grand success it was. He surely deserved every good thing said in his behalf. Charles Hazelton was chairman of the committee of live and wide-awake members of the club. Mr. Hazelton labored long and late for the success of the Marathon and burned much night oil arranging for the big affair.

It certainly does one good to listen in on some of the conversations among the members of the Social and Athletic club who are always planning on something in sports for the benefit of the club. It shows a big interest in the club and that alone means success for any organization. The club is a big proposition and every member should do his or her part to make it something that all shall be proud of. Opinions are always in order, and the more the merrier. President Hamel is always ready to listen to a suggestion and ready to help put it over.

LADY PEPPERELL WINS

The bowling season is on again and the indications are that it will be quite busy for the winter months. It is expected that there will be a number of teams representing the Pepperell on the alleys this season and as usual Lady Pepperell is to the fore.

On Friday evening, November 4, a strong combination of bowlers from Springvale came to this city and met the champion Lady Pepperell five at the Pastime alleys. It started off like a real close game with Springvale winning the first string by one solitary pin. In the second string the Lady Pepperell boys got busy and they forged ahead with enough of a lead to win the game with 93 pins to the good.

The Lady Pepperell boys have not as yet got their strides, but once they do, just watch out for the pins to scatter with 100 or more string scores.

In the Springvale game Hodga hit 303 for the best work of the Pepperell team, and also took high single with 119. Charlie Benjamin had two strings of over 100 each. A total of 275 was the best work of the Springvale bowlers.

The scores:

PEPPERELL

C. Keene	87	101	85	273
C. Benjamin	91	92	101	284
A. Keene	88	94	84	266
C. Keene	98	94	94	286
L. Hodga	83	101	119	303
	447	482	393	1412

SPRINGVALE

Crawley	88	82	86	256
A. Lavallee	87	90	83	260
Thing	86	89	89	264
Ambler	89	86	89	264
C. Lavallee	98	94	83	275
	448	441	430	1319

Venison Supper Promised

Edmund Labbe, section hand in Room 55-B, claims the honor of being the first among the large number of Pepperell employees to shoot a deer this season. It is a doe and weighs over 150 pounds. Mr. Labbe, who lives on the Alfred road, decided to try his luck at the big game Saturday afternoon, Nov. 5, and taking his trusty gun, went into the woods in back of the Kendrick farm. He had not been out long before he spied the doe and as Mr. Labbe is a star at hitting the bullseye, he soon had the deer down and out. Mr. Labbe now plans to serve a big venison supper with his employees as guests of honor. All are anxiously awaiting the date and the feast.

Our Boxers Make Good

The boxers from the Pepperell stable, under the guidance of Tommy Travers, made a splendid showing at Lewiston on Friday evening, Nov 4. They were Flash McCarn, Young Brown, Young Dumont, Pecker Martin and Young Drew. They took part in an all-feature show at Lewiston city hall, and all came out on top. The big feature of the evening was Flash McCarn, who Manager Travers predicts is the leading heavyweight weight in these parts. McCarn is just the type of a boy who will make the grade of a boxer. He is a clean living boy, with excellent habits, and when it comes to staying qualities, Flash is there with the goods. "Watch Flash McCarn" is the slogan.

Miss Yvone Brochu, who is employed in Room 54-B, entertains all the girls at home, besides playing with Mr. Gagne's orchestra. And she can step on it.

Boxing Show

The Pepperell Social and Athletic Club ran off another of its fine boxing shows Monday night, in which Paul Murphy, the local favorite, won from Johnny Scully of South Boston in the main bout, before a fair-sized gathering. The card was worthy of a larger audience, many of the fans having passed it up, later to feel sorry when having learned of its worth.

In the fifth and sixth Murphy went after Scully and outpointed him by a big margin, taking the bout through his work in these sessions, catching Scully about anywhere he directed his punches.

The semi-final bout was better than the main go for action, Leo Murphy, a brother of the main bout boy, and Johnny Downey of South Boston staging a rugged battle. Murphy played at short range and hammered Downey about the face, the latter playing for the body. Murphy let go many uppercuts in the final rounds and scored repeatedly on the jaw, but could not put over a knockout.

Johnny Bright of Saco and Young Mooney of Portland put up a good bout in the top preliminary. A number thought that Mooney had an edge on the Saco boy, but the latter's friends claim that he was entitled to a draw.

Harry Drew did not last long with Spec O'Donnell, who tried to end the bout before the echo of the bell died away. He caught Drew only three punches, on the first two Drew going to the floor and on the third he tried to rise, but Steve Travers and his other second jumped into the ring and surrendered the bout to O'Donnell.

Johnny Walker was the third man in the ring and was all to the good.

War Vet.:—"How dya 'spect to catch fish? Your hook ain't in the water."

Lazy Luke—"Wal, it will be when the tide comes up!"

HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

CLOTH ROOM

By BEATRICE VEILLEUX.

Miss Beatrice Blais entertained a few friends at her home on Nov. 7th. The evening was spent in sewing, after which a dainty luncheon was served by the hostess, assisted by her mother.

Mrs. G. Durgin was a recent visitor in Boston.

Miss Edna Jose and family motored to Fryeburg on Sunday, Nov. 6th.

Miss Cecile Desjardins recently entertained her sister, Mrs. Couture, of Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Couture was formerly employed in this department.

Mr. Arthur Melancon was one of a party who attended the football game at Portland between the Fifth Infantry and the Portsmouth Marines.

Mr. Eugene Desilets was a recent visitor in Sanford.

Miss Beatrice Blais and Mr. Rene Beaupre motored to Westbrook and visited friends last week.

Miss Emelia Corneau is back to work after being out for a few weeks. We are glad to welcome you back, Emelia.

CLOTH ROOM

By PEARL MURPHY.

The old saying that "Still water runs deep" certainly applies to Kitty Grace. Who ever thought that meek little Kitty would be trying to vamp the new cut boy!

Every day we hear Freddie Morin repeating over and over again, "A Ford in need is a Ford indeed." Cheer up, Freddie, your wish will be granted some day.

Now that the summer months are over we have George Thomas back with us again. What a mean line he has, and have you noticed the wrist watch?

We are very sorry to learn that Mary Simpson has left us. Best of luck, Mary, in your new undertaking.

Although we are losing one Mary we have gained another in the form of Mary Goldthwaite, whom we are very glad to welcome again.

We used to see Hazel in a Ford but now it's a Chrysler. Variety is the spice of life.

We have in our midst a girl whom we call the "Dream Girl." Far be it from me to mention any name, but your guess is as good as mine!

Who said Elsie Butler could not dance? Just stay in some noon hour and see what a surprise Elsie will give you. Step? Why none of Ziegfield's Follies girls have anything on Elsie!

What is that—a lark or a nightingale? Sh-sh! Oh, it's only Mr. Stanton whistling some plaintive little tune! Come on, Jim, snap out of it—we want another roll of tubing!

Miss Alice Dyer was a visitor to the White Mountains recently. From all accounts Alice had a very enjoyable trip.

Lil Washburn has a great interest in birds. It has been rumored that Lil is going into the bird business. Ah, Lil! Ah, bird!

"Lives of cloth hall girls remind us,
That while working in the mill,
We must give the best that's in us,
Or, Mr. Adams presents our little bill."

Many girls are good at figures but when it comes to Long Division—just take a look at Marion Grace!

When feeling sad or depressed just have a chat with Joe Martin, our popular musician, and I'm sure your blues will fly away and you will soon be smiling.

WEAVING

Room 13-2

By Jeanne Cantara

Mrs. Arel was out a few days recently and attended the wedding of her niece.

We are glad to see Arthur Labranche back with the day crew again.

Some of our girls are glad that they have quit working nights. Now they may be able to keep their face powder and lipsticks.

There was such a commotion the other day that we thought some one had been hurt, but upon investigation we found it was only Mr. Callahan explaining to the loom-fixer how he grew his beautiful mustache.

The J. H. family have the sympathy of the entire room. Since the purchase of a new radio they haven't been able to get any sleep.

If you wish to see "Valentino" with his 'queen" just take a peek on the stairs about a quarter of one.

When you are passing through the wing at noon time, just stop and let Jimmie know how you like his music. We didn't know he was musically inclined.

Mrs. Cantara recently attended the wedding of her nephew, Roland Cantara.

This room can boast of A-No. 1 battery girls. Take Dora R. for instance.

Arthur G. claims there are only two periods in a man's life—before and after marriage.

Mildred hasn't got a ring yet. What's the matter, Joe?

Pepperell's Booth at the Maine-in-the-Market Exposition in Portland attracted much favorable comment. Miss Marie Louise Bolduc and Miss May Etta Wentworth were in attendance.

The visiting Jordan-Marsh buyers were shown some of Pepperell's products during their recent visit. In the picture are Yvonne Carrier, Gladys Linnie, Mary Louise Bolduc, Euphemia Ladd, Evelyn Tremblay and Vyette Godbout.

COTTON HOUSE

By Edward Charbonneau

Jim Malloy is still out on the sick list. We trust he will soon be back with us.

Joe Whitworth woke up one night last week as he was rolling up the bed clothes into a ball. Joe thought he was rolling up cotton.

John Sullivan was a recent visitor in Lewiston. While there he attended the Thornton-Jordan High football game.

Philip Whitehead, Edward Charbonneau and "Buck" Hammond, the latter a former employee of this department, were also in attendance at this contest.

Harold Howard, formerly of this department, returned from a hunting trip with a fine deer. We wonder if "Babe" will relish a cut of steak taken out right in back of the ears. "When do we eat and how often," is his motto.

McSweeny: "The trout was so long—I tell you I never saw such a fish!"

Jim: "No, I don't suppose you ever did."

Billy Oakes says, "Love is like an apple pie,—a lot of crust and a lot of apple sauce."

One of the boys in this department is in a fix. Last year he asked his best girl to marry him and she refused. He got even with her by marrying her mother. Then his father married the girl. Now what is he to himself? When he married the girl's mother she became his daughter, and when his father married the daughter she became his mother. Who is he? His mother's mother, who is his wife, must be his grandmother, and he, being his grandmother's husband, must be his own grandfather. 'Stough life!

NO. 2 CARDING

By Mildred Dickerson

Allie Reggar of our day crew and Clara Morin of our night crew were married on October 31st. We extend to them our best wishes.

Ida Marcoux recently entertained her sister, whose home is in the vicinity of the White Mountains.

Marie Lebrecque is out with a lame foot. We trust the injury is not serious.

Michael Marquis "dropped a stitch" in his back and is having a lot of trouble.

Alfred Pauquette, who recently underwent an operation at the Webber Hospital, is coming along very well now. He expects to be with us soon.

ENGINEERING

BY ELLERY BRYANT

Gene Lavigne and family motored to points of interest in Massachusetts, starting November the 10th and returning the 13th. Gene had a shave before he started and says he figures it will last him until Thanksgiving.

We understand from an authentic source that Fon York once tried to emulate Jack Dempsey and succeeded. Allie Staples acted as chief second and by carrying huge quantities of snow finally returned the victim to consciousness. Would like to give you a detailed record of the event and if we don't get more news from the lower part of the Pepperell, we'll come across with the "high lights" of this intensely interesting episode. It is secretly whispered that "Steve" could give a lot of information on the subject.

Bill O'Neil took Charlie Hazelton home the other night. Charlie claims they went from the Lower gate to Storer Street, Saco, in nothing flat.

Scotty Hinse is responsible for the rumor about some of the boys being invited up country shortly. Sweet cider and other kinds. Glad we are on Scotty's calling list.

"Al" Hill has perfected an air heater that will heat the atmosphere for a radius of 50 feet. With the aid of the useful piece of mechanism "which can be carried in the vest pocket," Al and his family are planning to spend Christmas camping in the White Mountains.

Yes, thank you, Charlie Leach has shaved it off!

Ned "Lincoln Dime" Meehan is, according to "Buster Bowie," ready to bet his socks on Biddeford High Thanksgiving Day. Better call the bet off, Lincoln Dime. Cold weather is coming.

John Pare, premier artist of the Pepperell, has developed into a radio bug. John built several sets last winter and is swamped with orders for the coming season.

Pete Wilson, "Mayor of Adams Street," reports seeing one of the many philli-loo birds that are making their homes in Saco.

The outstanding event of the month. Bozo has a nose warmer started. Five on one side and two on the other. Using it for a soup strainer.

Places of interest visited by Harley S. Johnson and Carl Hall this past month include The Weirs, N. H., and the opening of the new bridge at Bath. Both Carl and Harley were accompanied by their families.

Al Staples is certainly reaping the benefit of Fon York's many years' experience in raising Poms. Note the luxuriant growth of hair on Allie's head. Stand back, boys! Don't crowd, for Fon won't give that dog medicine to everybody!

Bar Mills Cider and the Barber's Itch

Our honored correspondent, Carl Hall, brings to our attention the most horrifying experience of one of our esteemed engineers.

It all happened very recently. The young man was about to retire for the night when a slight shuffling sound caused him to turn. There was no one in the room so he thought nothing more of it. However, a few moments later, after turning out the lights, he was given the surprise of his life. Someone tapped him on the shoulder! After a wretched half hour he was again the victim of the chills when he was seized by both shoulders and roughly shaken! Ask Ellery to tell you all about it. A recent visit to Bar Mills is blamed for his predicament.

Peter Cartier looks pretty serious, but then the responsibility of bringing up a youngster IS serious business nowadays.

Miss Picks from 131-14-1A

By Isabelle McKenney

Charlie Goodwin, seeing a cat after his chickens recently, rushed out, stepped on a slippery board and went ker plunk, on top of a real honest-to-goodness skunk. We wonder who was the most surprised, Charlie or the skunk? There was no damage, outside of a skinned elbow and sprained wrist.

13-1 is sure unlucky. Josephine Buckley is out with an infected finger, and Nancy Lopeman out for some time as a result of a slight operation. Rose Gagne, who had a slight operation at the hospital. We trust that they will be back to work in a short time.

La Branche has a habit every night to ask the bookkeeper, "Aren't you ever going home?" Wonder why?

The three second hands had the pleasure of attending the banquet in honor of Mr. Gibbs on the Pool road. They reported a wonderful time and supper.

Omer Martel
Hector BOurque
Amanda LaVerdiere
Roland Lem I eux
Fernand PEtit
Roland Sylvester
Alice CoTe
Annie GAgne
Lawrence MoRel
William Simpson

SPOOLING 25-B

By F. J. Brady

Mrs. Blanche Carron is on the sick list. We all hope she will soon be well, and back with us.

Ernest Brousseau was going "Dawn" only a few days ago. Ernest is thinking seriously of buying an aeroplane.

Cecile Gagne challenges any girl in the Pepperell to a 100-yard dash. He will play for fun or marbles.

Edward Neault has returned from his honeymoon.

To whom it may concern: Tom has purchased a piece of tobacco.

The power of will and even temperament which are exercised under the most trying conditions often measure the difference between success and failure.

A SAFETY POEM

He started for his work,
Whistling blithe and gay,
And he was full determined
To do his bit that day.
And on his lips he felt
His wife's and baby's warm kiss,
And he looked so straight and tall
About like

T
H
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S

Before the day was over
He got careless in his ways,
He should have known lots better,
For, you know, it never pays;
And now he never feels
The thrills of joy or bliss,
For he has to spend his life
In a chair

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And his family never knows
One-half the joys of living,
For each one has to hustle
To make what he'd been giving.
With father helpless as he is,
His earnings now they miss,
And every day they file to work

J	L	T
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So you must be very careful,
And start every morning right,
And give carelessness, our enemy,
The hardest kind of fight.
So pay good heed to safety hints,
So never a point you miss
Or you will have a monument

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—Westinghouse Electric News.

Who Knows?

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions;
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house;
She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse;
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse;
And when he is well, and gets out of bed,
She'll pick up a teapot to throw at his head.
She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind;
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down;
She'll make him her hero, she'll make him her clown.
You fancy she's this, but you find she is that,
For she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat;
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,
And you're always expecting she does—but she don't.

When you are fighting the battles of life and business, it is not alone the natural opposition you are struggling with—but SELF, the one individual you must be able to conquer and dictate to at all times.—Selected.

George is two years old and feeling fine, thank you! His mother, Mrs. Celina Boisse, works in spooling 155.

EDMOND'S NEW OVERCOAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

By E. Demars

GOSH JUST WAIT TILL MY GIRL SEES ME WITH THIS NEW OVERCOAT
WELL SWEETIE-HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW OVERCOAT?
WELL, EDMOND, I THINK THAT IT'S RATHER LOUD,
W-H-A-T
OH "ALL RIGHT, SWEETIE-I'LL PUT ON A MUFFLER."
DEMARS 11/15/27

UNDER THE DRAGON'S EYE

The following recipe for homebrew was found in the gutter near the Foss Street gate. It sounds good.

"Chase three wild bullfrogs three miles and gather in the hops. To them add ten gallons of tan bark, half-pint shellac, one bar of common laundry soap. Boil 48 hours. Then strain through an I. W. W. sock to keep it from working. Add one grasshopper to each pint to give it a kick. Pour a little into the kitchen sink. If it takes the enamel off it is ready for bottling. Wash bottles before and after using."

Jim Bradbury partook of too large a piece of mince pie the other evening and dreamed he was a missionary among the half civilized tribes of Africa. On one occasion he hailed one of the young chiefs who was sporting ten wives.

"Now, Jojo," said Jim, "the Christian way is to have but one wife. You should go to your wives and tell them that from now on you are done with all except one of them."

Jojo eyed Jim for a minute. "You tell 'em," he said.

One of our young ladies who works in the cloth room was recently obliged to call on the assistance of Mandy during illness in the family. Mandy took great pride in her cooking, and one evening her mistress was admiring a pie.

"What beautiful scallops you have on your pies, Mandy! How do you do it?"

Mandy: "Deed, honey, dat ain't no trouble. Ah jest uses mah false teeth."

George Thomas: "Last night I made an awful mistake."

John: "That so? How come?"

George: "I drank a bottle of gold paint."

John: "How do you feel now?"

George: "Guilty."

Maurice Goodwin delights in relating events pertaining to his Southern trip. On one occasion a very much excited colored gentleman approached Maurice.

"Lawsy Lawsy, Massa, Rastus done gone hung hisself!"

Maurice: "Well, did you cut him down?"

"Oh, no, Massa, he ain't daid yet."

Bert Lashett tells the story of a chap he once hired to put up the antenna for a radio he was to install. The lad climbed high up a tree and attached the wire. As he started to descend his foot slipped and he grabbed frantically at the wire, caught it and hung suspended in midair. "Hold on," shouted Bert, "we'll get you in a minute." But the lad dropped to the ground. When he had recovered sufficiently to speak, Bert asked him why he let go. "I was afraid the wire would break," was the reply.

Ray Clark, wanting to familiarize himself with the mill terms, asked Prescott the following questions:—

Ques. What is a card?

Ans. What you send to your friends when you go on your vacation, telling them you are having a fine time.

Ques. What is a comb?

Ans. Search me; I never use one.

Ques. What is a flyer?

Ans. Lindbergh.

Ques. What are the old-fashioned mules?

Ans. Mules are what sits next to the stenographer in an office. It is Nature's greatest kicker.

Ques. How do you tighten a belt?

Ans. Don't know. I don't wear any.

Ques. What is filling?

Ans. What the dentist put in that cavity in my tooth.

Ques. What is a dresser tender?

Ans. Any man who is married.

Ques. What is a ring traveler?

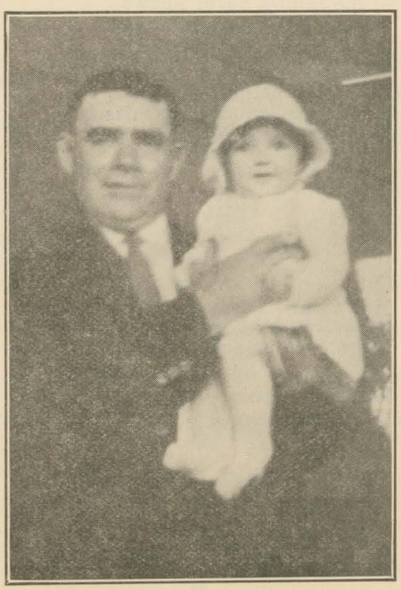
Ans. A man who follows the circus.

Ques. What is a cop?

Ans. No friend of mine.

Ques. What is a blower?

Ans. The man that sold the oil stock to the boss.



Harry Cavanaugh is very proud of Harry, Junior, who is seven months old.

Members of Office Enjoy Mountain Trip

Members of the office force and their friends enjoyed a trip to the White Mountains on Sunday, Nov. 6th. The trip was made in the service car and another owned by Mr. C. F. Clark.

Shortly after reaching Bartlett the party was obliged to return, due to washouts resulting from the recent flood.

A box luncheon was served at a farmhouse on the way and from all reports the hot coffee was much appreciated. A varied program of entertainment took place in each car, but premier honors went to Joe Bauer, whose cracker-box melodies were much improved by the accompaniment furnished by a squeaky spring. On one occasion Bessie Eon reached high C and reports from New Hampshire indicate that the echo is still chasing itself around the mountain peaks.

Harry Smith and John Whitten were passed on the way to the hills, which is considered quite remarkable.

In the service car were Raymond Clark, Constance Hartley, Marie Micknowich, Josephine Kimball, Joseph Bauer, Eleanor Meserve and Harold Meserve.

In Mr. Clark's car were Roland Lemire, Bessie Eon, Helene Kearney, Ethel Wentworth, Georgia Smith and Ralph Smith.

The many friends of Jack Lamb, the local Marathoner, regretted that he was not in his usual good health in the Pepperell Marathon. Suffering from a bad cold, he finished fourth. With Jack feeling right, he would have given Messrs. De Mar and Hennigan a good run for first place.

Colpitts, a member of Company A, 103rd infantry, made a good showing, considering it was his first attempt at a ten-mile run.

PEPPERELL SHEET

LEWISTON DIVISION

The Lewiston Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lowell Divisions.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HARRY J VAUGHN

ASSISTANTS
MINNIE DOBSON
HAROLD LONERGAN

CARTOONIST
CARL PROCTOR

PHOTOGRAPHS

We are making another appeal to our readers for photographs, snapshots or pictures of any sort. For several months now you have done nobly in this respect and we have printed many interesting pictures. We feel that snapshots which our readers turn in to us will be of greater interest than any which we might take ourselves, and for that reason we prefer that you should have that privilege.

Look in your album and dig out that picture you took on the fishing trip, or the one of your auto, or perhaps you have one of your home. Send in that one of the baby which the neighbors thought so cute. You all have good pictures which will help to dress up our magazine. We need them at this time and we trust that you will turn them in to us.

OFFICE ITEMS

Faye Davis is making a hit as a bowler. She has been bowling in a Church League and is right up among the leaders.

Larry Egan, a prominent member of the Harmony Four, well-known local quartette, is looking for a busy season behind the footlights.

Margaret Moore has her radio set all hooked up and expects to stage several radio parties during the winter.

Joseph Michaud, speed merchant of the office, spent a recent week-end at Norway and South Paris.

Charlie Rowe, our expert harmonica player, will play for a dance at Rowe's Corner, Thanksgiving Eve.

Eddie Meservey has been appointed official scorer for the Bleachery Volley Ball games.

Bernadette Dechene is becoming quite adept in the art of cooking. She has concocted several new dishes recently which proved to be very tasty.

J. Arthur Cloutier attended the Harvard-Dartmouth football game at Boston and reports an enjoyable time.

Margaret Shea's vacation was spent at Atlantic City, New York and Philadelphia instead of the Rocky Mountains, as erroneously reported in last month's issue.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Davis are now pleasantly situated in their new home on Androscoggin Avenue.

Al. Bernard was the chief speaker at one of the recent naturalization classes.

Gerald Langelier, violinist, has been engaged by Al. McLure to play in Mack's Merrymakers.

The Pepperell booth at the Pageant of Progress

This display was a work of art and was arranged by Miss Erskine of the Boston office. Miss Erskine is Manager of the Dealer's Service Bureau. The Pageant was held at the Lewiston Armory during the week of Oct. 10th and the thousands who attended were attracted by the wonderful exhibit of Pepperell products. The Misses Lena Pelletier and Mildred Forrest were in charge of the booth and both were kept busy explaining to the visitors the merits of the finest sheets and pillow cases in the world: Lady Pepperell.

BOX SHOP SHAVINGS

Johnny Coughlin has purchased a farm in New Auburn and will devote his spare time to cultivating the soil. We suggest that he use some of the stuff on the land which he uses on his beard if he is looking for a bumper crop.

Babe Renaud is kept pretty busy these nights. He is a member of at least six bowling teams and his services are much in demand.

Anthony Cormier has all the stray parts of his radio rounded up and is now busy putting them together. If successful he will entertain his friends at a radio party.

Tim O'Leary will attend the French-Irish football game on Thanksgiving Day and predicts that the Irish team will win easily.

Bill Ryan related some sidelights of his trip to Ireland at a recent meeting in Hibernian Hall. He showed motion pictures of the beautiful scenery of Old Erin.

Bert Rounds spent Armistice Day in Auburn, the guest of friends.

The Box Shop bowling team is holding nightly practice sessions but have been unable as yet to arrange any games.

WHITE FOLDING ROOM NOTES

Alice Perron was a recent visitor to the Priscilla Theater, where she spent a delightful evening.

Camille Thibault will spend Thanksgiving Day with relatives in Van Buren.

Gilberte Martin has been anxiously awaiting Thanksgiving Day. She says this is the one day in the year on which she gets enough to eat.

Arthur Renaud is planning several ice fishing trips for this winter. Arthur is an expert fisherman and usually has very good luck.

Lolo Dionne has taken up bowling and is hitting the maples in fine style.

Billy Carroll will have Thanksgiving dinner at the Royal Restaurant. He will have as guests Dido Leclair and Adolphe Buteau.

Paul Lavigne has been appointed boxing instructor at the Lincoln Stars club and has several pupils working out nightly under his watchful eye.

Berniece Brochu has changed her bowling style and is showing marked improvement in her scores.

Tom Meehan was master of ceremonies at a recent whist party and kept things moving smoothly.

Gertrude Vaughn was a recent visitor to Rumford. While there she called on Mike Cyr, a former employee of the Bleachery.

Johnny Simard is a great rooter for our bowling team. He has always been an ardent follower of sport and can usually be found in the near vicinity of any athletic contest.

STOREHOUSE TRUCK

Jack Paradis is captain of the Lady Pepperell team in the bowling league and announces that his outfit will finish at the top.

Dan Lalonde has been hitting the pins in fine style and is a great help to his team.

Al. McLure is a member of Babe Renaud's Baby Pepperell Five and, if he can live up to his record of previous seasons, should be one of the leading pin pickers of the league.

Al. Lebrun attended a recent concert by the Salvation Army band at Park and Main Sts.

Pat Hamilton was an interested spectator at the Pageant of Progress and directed all of his friends to the Pepperell booth.

Tom Johnson attended the Thornton academy-Lewiston High School football game and was very much disappointed when the local team was defeated for the first time in four years.

Leo Paradis is rooting for the Lady Pepperell Five.

Forrest Tripp and his Box Shop Gang.

FRAME ROOM

Tom Driscoll attended the opening game of the Bleachery Bowling League and rooted for the Pepperell team, which is captained by brother Tim.

Tony Pleakie will have Thanksgiving dinner at Lisbon Falls, where he will be the guest of friends.

Bill Manning is all set for the French-Irish football game. He has purchased an oil heater and intends to see the game in comfort.

Neil Conley attended the recent boxing bouts in City Hall and claims to have received more than his money's worth.

Billy Middleton made a recent trip to the White Mountains and greatly enjoyed the scenery.

GREY ROOM GOSSIP

Fred Barbour, who is an expert on radio matters, predicts that reception will be extra good during the coming winter.

Pete Pelletier is one of the star bowlers on the Baby Pepperell team. It is needless to say that he will do a lot to keep his team in the running.

You have seen the comic strips of the father showing his son how to kick a football. Well, Frank Shufeldt did this little trick recently and, outside of wrecking a plate glass window which cost him about fifteen dollars to replace, the kick was a success.

Francis King is planning an invasion of the Big Woods soon in quest of big game. Don't forget us on the bear meat, Kingie.

PACKING ROOM PICK-UPS

Oliver Goyette won first prize at a recent whist party. Oliver is a wizard with the cards.

Don Bryant attended the Strand Theater one evening recently and got all excited over the doings of Tom Mix.

Leo Bernier is making a hit in the Bleachery bowling league and is knocking down the pins in fine style.

John Finn was the winner of a recent pool tournament at Leclerc's pool room. John is some sharpshooter.

George Thompson predicts that the French football team will have no trouble in winning over the Irish gridders on Thanksgiving Day.

Pat O'Leary, who will perform on Thanksgiving Day for the Irish footballers, is in fine shape and raring to go.

Doc Ricker is training a pack of setters for work in the Big Woods. Doc knows his dogs and claims that his pack will beat anything for miles around.

Bill Wade has been elected captain of the Kittery team in the Bleachery Bowling League and is out to cop the pennant.

Wally Finn has taken up bowling and feels that he is now ready to take on Leo Bernier for a match.

Jack Cronin is planning a trip to the White Mountains for some week-end in the near future.

AROUND THE YARD

Pete Sullivan was a recent guest at the Y. M. C. A. volley ball session. Pete donned a uniform and showed the boys how the game should be played.

Lou Driscoll has a new assistant, John Davis. This pair of willing workers ought to be able to get results.

Tim Driscoll visited Rumford recently and paid his respects to Chief of Police Dennis and other old friends.

Fred Chandler has been breaking in a new pair of shoes. We believe the shoes are suffering as they persist in groaning and squeaking.

Jim Powers, one of our suburban employees, is considering the purchase of a motor car to transport him to and from his country home.

Fred Goyette, mayor of South Lewiston, has declined to be a candidate for the office next year. He claims his social duties will not permit him to devote the time to a long campaign.

COLORED FOLDING ROOM

On November 3rd the Sewing Circle met at the home of Grace Martin for the regular monthly meeting. A vaudeville program was put on by the members and some good talent was brought to light. Grace Martin was heard in several whistling selections. Esther Crowley mystified with a Houdini act in which she escaped from handcuffs, straitjackets and packing cases. Mabel Morris performed a difficult Egyptian dance, Mary Therriault sang several French folk songs, and Agnes Burke gave an interesting talk on Domestic Science. After the entertainment Miss Martin served a luncheon of fried clams and turnovers, which was greatly enjoyed.

When is it coming off, Ralph? Why don't you let us in on it so that we may start saving our money?

Harry Walker, our foreman, has purchased a home in Auburn and is now comfortably settled there. We wish him and his family happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Alec Pelchat is wondering why he was not selected for one of the teams in the Bleachery bowling league. He claims to be an expert pin picker and would like to match his skill against some of the league bowlers.

Harry Driscoll has his crops all harvested and is fortified against a hard winter.

Johnny Nolin is in the market for a good sleigh. Any one having such an article might find it to their advantage to get in touch with Johnny.

Johnny McKenna has had a very good football season. His team has played several games on the grounds at Lisbon street and East Avenue and Johnny has starred in each.

MISCELLANEOUS

Elmer Griffin and his fellow volley ball players are working out on the Y. M. C. A. courts three evenings a week.

Tom Norton has recovered from a severe cold and his melodious voice will again be heard at local entertainments.

Tom Lonergan will breeze out in a new Willys-Knight next spring. Tom believes in being up-to-date.

Mike Goff is still showing newspaper

WALTER SHEA IS THE LATEST ADDITION TO MIKE DONOVAN'S CREW OF ARTISTS

PHIL CLOUTIER AND ULRIC FONTAINE HAVE JUST SETTLED AN OLD ARGUMENT ULRIC IS WAVING A FLAG OF TRUCE. THE OTHER TWO GENTLEMEN ARE MIKE BROGAN AND PETE SULLIVAN MIKE HAS HIS BACK TO THE BATTLE BUT PETE INSISTS ON CALLING HIS ATTENTION TO IT
H. ROY

clippings, written by experts, who claim that Dempsey should have received the decision over Tunney.

The annual meeting of the Four Horsemen will be held on Thanksgiving Day, when officers will be elected.

Much interest is being shown in our new bowling league and all of the games are attended by crowds of rooters. The teams are good and a keen rivalry has sprung up between them. So many good bowlers have been discovered that it is going to be a difficult task to pick a team to represent the Bleachery in outside games.

Hockey enthusiasts are beginning to talk up the great ice game and it would not be surprising if our plant was represented by a fast aggregation the coming winter.

Our girls' bowling team have been receiving congratulations on their splendid showing on the polished lanes.

WET END WHISPERS

Walter Nichols of the Bleach House, who met with an accident recently, is reported to be getting along nicely.

Herbert Cox and Patsy Kelliher attended the first showing in this city of the Dempsey-Tunney pictures at the Priscilla Theatre.

Maurice Crowley has become an inventor. He has invented a new device for testing acid. He claims it saves many steps and gives the operator of the machine more time to sit down and still keep the acid at the proper degree. He is also working on a device that will notify the operator when the end of the lot is in the machine so that it will not go all the way through. The water is very cold now and when you lose the end three or four times a day it is a very cold job threading up again. "Happy" also claims to be the inventor of artificial sleep. He claims he can be asleep and awake at the same time and no one would know it unless the end of a lot came and went right through the machine.

Ed. Lavalle of the Starch Room is just praying for snow so that he may wear his new snowshoe club uniform.

Jim Malvey, of the Starch Room, has followed the prep school football games very closely this Fall. His nephew, a former All-Maine high school player, is a star on the Kent's Hill team.

John McGillicuddy of the Bleach House celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday on the first of November.

Tom Casey has his skates all sharpened and will give exhibitions on the Lincoln Street Skating Rink this winter.

MACHINE SHOP NOTES

A. Neilson has done away with the self-starter on his car and now starts it with a monkey wrench. Axel says that it saves time besides having other advantages.

Charlie Manning spent his vacation in South Portland, where he was seen digging sewers and laying cement sidewalks. We do not know whether he was working for the city or not.

Henry Caron is now working in the shop.

F. Blanchard, being of frail constitution, anyway, has been a source of worry to his friends lately because of his shaky appearance. We have found out that this is due to a radio and a Jewish duck which Frank purchased a little while ago. Frank says that the radio keeps him awake until midnight and the duck keeps him awake from then till morning.

IN DECEMBER

"Sometimes it's a comfort to remember
That gardens are just sleeping in December.
Sometimes it's a blessing just to know
That roses dream glad dreams beneath the snow.

HEMS AND HAWS FROM THE SHEET FACTORY

Tim Sullivan of the Cutting Dept. has returned from a month's vacation spent in New Jersey whither he had gone in quest of health. The trip seemingly has benentted him, judging by increased avoirdupois and facial coloring. Needless to say he was greatly missed, and his improved condition is a source of gratification to his associates.

Beatrice Knowles, a former employee of this department, is training to be a nurse at the Maine General Hospital.

Elizabeth Trask has finished making her annual batch of sweet cider. The Sheet Factory office force is wondering if any invitations to sample it are to be issued.

It is rumored that the Blah Boys, this department's celebrated musical organizatioin, will get back into harness again some time this month. A meeting will be held shortly to elect a manager to replace Bob Tardif, who was last season's leader. The personnel of the orchestra will be the same as before, with Sammy Stetson, the peerless pianist; Jimmy Mack, the syncopating saxophonist; Al. McLure, the furious fiddler, and Tom Cunliffe, the darned drummer. An abundant vegetable crop (year 1922) awaits their first appearance.

Lena Pelletier and Mildred Forrest, who presided over the Pepperell booth at the Pageant of Progress, have received offers from the Arrow Collar people to display their wares.

Sarah Norton, for many years an employee of this department, has gone to Vermont where she will enter the hairdressing game.

We wonder why Betty wants to know everything.

Juliette Tardiff attended a party recently at the home of Mary Bolduc.

Evelyna Morrisette was a spectator at one of the recent bowling matches between the Rumford and Bleachery girls and was very much pleased by the splendid showing of our girls.

Mary Bolduc is hitting the pins in fine style and is now considered one of the leading lady bowlers in this section.

Alice Gibbs has made several trips to

Mike Linehan doing the strong man act with Axel Neilson as a female impersonator. Some team.

The above is not a harem scene. It is only Bill Knowles and a part of his Sheet Factory workers.

Rumford recently and is getting pretty well acquainted there.

Mary O'Connell has taken up bowling and has been turning in some very good scores.

Alice Cloutier is a great rooter for our girls' bowling team and is present at all of the games, leading the cheers.

Rose Tremblay has learned that it is almost impossible to put anything over on a red-headed mama.

Lena Shanahan is still on the sick list. Hurry back, Lena.

Wonder if Joe knows about the bath tub mystery?

Annie Callahan's favorite song is three o'clock in the morning. What's the idea, Annie?

It took Inez Dresser fully a week to recover from her last trip to Gardiner.

Some of the girls are wondering what takes Marie Girardin and Alice Roy to Sabattis so often.

How do you like taking Minnie's place, Jimmy?

Mike Linehan will soon be putting up his Baby Lincoln for the winter.

Valdora Choisinere and Rose Tremblay have dissolved partnership. Rose is now a spokestitcher.

Bill Knowles spent Armistice Day in Sherbrooke, Canada.

Inez Dresser, who was troubled with a badly discolored optic, is now enjoying the best of health.

Joe must be a gentleman for, don't you know, gentlemen prefer blondes.

Annie Alberts, Jennie Crowley and Walter Lamb attended a recent Hallowe'en dance and walked away with all the prizes. It is rumored that they had to hire a truck to haul away their trophies.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The employees of the papering department were recently treated to a delightful party by Miss Pearl Blanchard at the Wynona Cottage on the shores of Lake Annasagunticook, Canton, Me. The trip was made by motor and on arriving at the cottage the members of the party were escorted through in true Hallowe'en style; greeted by the witch, and the fool, etc. Then all the members partook of a bountiful supper of "Irish chicken" with all of the fixings. The great success of the supper is attributed to the fact that Millie Forrest and Yvonne Boucher did K. P. duty. After supper various games were played and members of the party contributed to the entertainment of the evening. Some of the entertainers were Bill Blair and Millie Forrest who did the Highland Fling, Yvonne Boucher and Imelda Daigneux, who did the Black Bottom, Miss Elina Pelletier sang "Oh Promise Me," Dora McGraw performed a few high diving stunts and demonstrated the crawl stroke. Prizes were received by Millie Forrest and Sam Stetson as winning contestants in the bobbing for apples contest. Prayers were said for Blanche Sawyer, who was unable to be present.

WITH THE SHEET FACTORY POET

When Lena has a little chill
She shakes a wicked shoulder,
What will happen to poor Lena's frame
When she grows a little older?

There is a young fellow called Sam,
Who is always giving some one a slam,
We all hope and pray
That he'll get his some day,
A slam that will hold him for aye.

Milly has a little mirror
She uses it all day,
And every time that Milly moves
Her glance is sure to stray
Toward the little mirror
Hanging on the wall,
So we hope for you, dear Milly,
That your mirror ne'er will fall.

There is a young woman, five feet four,
As a worker she'd make a good lawyer,
She's all right, you see,
But a mystery to me,
No matter where you went—
Blanche Sawyer.

Billy Blair said, "I think
I'll go get a drink;
I really do feel that I oughter."
So with a light in one hand,
On the brink of dry land,
He yelled out, "Say, Pearl, where's the water?"

SHEET FACTORY MINSTRELS

Sheet Factory employees are busy with rehearsals for a minstrel show which they plan to give soon. Minnie Dobson will act as interlocutor, and the orchestra will be under the personal direction of Joe Gastonguay.

The program will be as follows:—

"Nobody knows what a red-headed mama can do," Rose Tremblay
"I'm on the wagon now," Claire Belanger
"Why should I say I'm sorry when nobody's sorry but me?" Val. Choisinere
"The freedom of the seas," Billy Blair
"It's all in the tub," Inez Dresser
"It won't be long now," Albert Baker
"I'm sitting on top of the world," Jimmy Mack
"I'm pulling them all day long," Henry Laplante

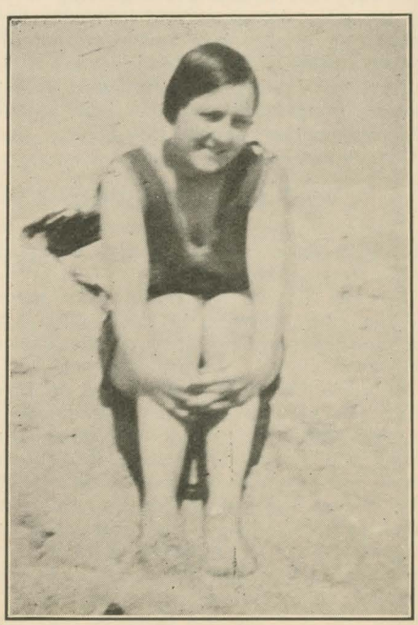
IF GIRLS ONLY PLAYED FOOTBALL

Wouldn't you pay a lot of money to see a football game played between these two teams. They are all female employees of the Sheet Factory:—

J. Crowley, le. .....re., I. Jacques
S. Turcotte, lt. ..... r. t., A. Cloutier
M. Minnehane, lg. .....rg., B. Bellegarde
M. Carr., c., ...c., S. Ouellette
M. Vallancourt ,rg. .....lg., J. Ducharme
M. Fraser, rt. .....lt., D. McGraw
B. Berube, re. .....le., A. Allen
B. St. Louis, qb. .....qb., L. Kelly
N. Hagerty, lhb. .....rhb., E. Dagneau
N. McCosh, rhb. .....lhb., E. Deschenes
B. Wales, fb. .....fb., K. Hopkins

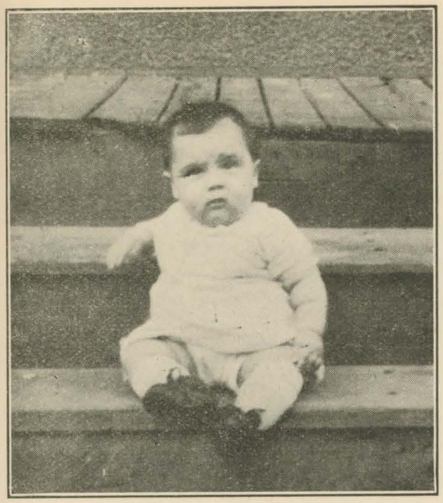
GIRL BOWLERS

At this writing the Lewiston Bleachery girls' bowling team has taken part in the four matches, all with Rumford teams. Their first match was at Lewiston when



OUR MARY

Showing Mary Kelleher enjoying herself on the sands of Old Orchard Beach



IRENE
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs Leo Soucy, who are both employees of the Bleachery

they defeated the heretofore undefeated Rumford girls' team by twenty-three pins. In a return game rolled at Rumford our girls were defeated by forty-six pins, thereby making the series even. They next took on the Happy Five Girls of Rumford here at home and were licked by eleven pins in a hot contest. In the return game with the same outfit at Rumford the Bleachery girls suffered the worst defeat of their short careers when they were buried under a deluge of pins and were 196 behind at the close. This upset nearly discouraged the girls and for a while it appeared that we would be minus a girls' bowling team, but after a few days absence from the alleys they are back again ready to bowl any factory teams made up of girls.

BOWLING

On Monday evening, October 31st, at the L. & A. Alleys, the Lewiston Bleachery & Dye Works Bowling League made its start. This league is made up of six teams of five men each, and each team bears the name of one of the famous Pepperell products. The schedule will run for ten weeks, with games being rolled every Monday evening, and some hot battles are sure to be staged on the local lanes.

Following are the results of the opening games:

KITTERY (1)

J. Cronin	82	94	90— 266
McCarthy	78	94	104— 276
Sullivan	91	83	92— 266
Finn	73	75	86— 234
Wade	104	77	88— 269
Totals	428	423	460—1311

SALISBURY (3)

T. Joyce	108	104	88— 300
Baker	87	89	77— 253
Nadeau	63	80	98— 241
Thompson	98	83	92— 273
Bissonette	80	86	104— 270
Totals	436	442	459—1337

PEPPERELL (2)

Leger	75	104	103— 282
H. Laplante	83	88	90— 261
Walker	81	67	92— 240
Bernier	80	82	84— 246
Conley	79	104	83— 266
Totals	398	445	452—1295

PEPPERELLA (2)

T. Driscoll	86	89	112— 287
E. Laplante	80	97	82— 259
Lalonde	72	74	84— 230
Hennesey	94	82	89— 265
Morrill	80	87	85— 252
Totals	412	429	452—1293

BABY PEPPERELL (4)

Pelletier	98	98	113— 309
Barbour	91	71	87— 249
Vaughn	76	88	77— 241
McLure	86	78	83— 247
Renaud	94	105	91— 290
Totals	445	440	451—1336

LADY PEPPERELL (0)

R. Joyce	80	79	65— 224
Verville	89	76	93— 258
Cook	93	92	111— 296
Davis	80	83	78— 241
St. Pierre	79	102	93— 274
Totals	421	432	440—1293

The standing after the opening games:

	W.	L.	P.C.
Baby Pepperell	4	0	1,000
Salisbury	3	1	.750
Pepperell	2	2	.500
Pepperella	2	2	.500
Kittery	1	3	.250
Lady Pepperell	0	4	.000

Bleachery League

(At L. and A.)

SALISBURY—3

T. Joyce	87	77	89	253
Giroux	73	103	88	264
Nadeau	70	78	69	217
Bissonnette	87	96	81	264
Thompson	77	94	108	279
Totals	394	448	435	1277

LADY PEPPERELL—1

Davis	73	95	87	255
Damon	78	85	74	237
Verville	74	93	93	260
St. Pierre	85	94	93	272
Paradis	85	77	85	247
Totals	395	444	432	1271

KITTERY—0

Curran	82	86	73	241
McCarthy	70	88	76	234
Sullivan	90	80	81	251
Shufeldt	96	79	93	268
Cronin	80	88	92	260
Totals	418	421	415	1254

PEPPERELLA—4

Morrill	87	91	98	276
Lalonde	89	85	82	256
E. Laplante	79	80	102	261
Hennessy	80	84	75	239
Driscoll	93	94	83	270
Totals	428	435	440	1302

BABY PEPERELL—1

Pelletier	94	99	94	287
McClure	75	77	86	238
Simard	61	54	84	199
Barbour	90	82	81	253
Renaud	113	109	88	310
Totals	433	421	433	1287

PEPPERELL—3

Conley	87	80	101	268
H. Laplante	73	92	90	255
Walker	82	93	76	251
Bernier	81	92	89	262
Leger	90	89	97	276
Totals	413	446	453	1312

BLEACHERY LEAGUE

(At L. and A.)

	Won	Lost	P. C.
Pepperella	6	2	.750
Salisbury	6	2	.750
Pepperell	5	3	.625
Baby Pepperell	5	3	.625
Lady Pepperell	1	7	.125
Kittery	1	7	.125

High single, Renaud, Pelletier, 113.
High total, Renaud, 310.
Team single, Kittery, 460.
Team total, Salisbury, 1337.

THANKSGIVING.

"Last March my mine panned out a fraud—
My wife eloped in May—
A fire broke out and burned my barn,
And all the stacks of hay.
The hoppers cleaned my garden out—
My cows took sick and died—
The horses got the pink eye bad
And dropped on every side.

The bank suspended all at once—
The rust got in the rye—
A cyclone tore the wheatfield up—
And all the wells went dry;
The chickens sickened with the pip,
The hired girl ran off—
The children one by one took down
With croup and whooping cough.

And yet, despite this luck, I went
Down to the grocery store
And for a turkey gobbler paid
My last two dollars o'er.
I thought I'd kind o' celebrate
Thanksgiving. 'Pon my word,
A tramp broke in the house last night
And stole the plaguey bird.

PEPPERELL SHEET

LOWELL DIVISION

The Lowell Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lewiston Divisions.

Editor in Chief
ORA W. HARDY.

Assistants.
MARY PECANSO
MARGARET HICKEY
NORA CRYAN
ADA HEELEY
ANNIE LASIK
LESTER S STURTEVANT
JOHN BLACKBURN
IVY CALDEIRA
MARY CLARK
FRANK BOWLES
STEPHEN YOUMANS
RANDOLPH RYDER
HELEN HARRIMAN
HAZEL KIMBALL
LILLIAN ASH Cartoonist.
PHILIP R. FRENCH, Cartoonist

OFFICE NOTES

It is with sincere regret that we announce that Orrin H. Webster, who has been connected with the Superintendent's office for the past eighteen years, has relinquished his position. We all shall miss him for it is not every office that can boast of an associate with such a sunny disposition as he possesses. The writer has known him personally for the past seventeen years and in that time has never witnessed a divergence from his evenly balanced disposition, a characteristic which has made him popular with all. Whatever his chosen work may be, in it, we all wish him "Luck and prosperity." We can but feel that those with whom he will come in contact are the gainers, while we who have served with him so long, shall feel the separation as a keen and distinct loss.

The entire office force extends sympathy to Joseph Cheetham of the Card Room, and his family, in the loss of a son in an automobile accident recently.

It seems to us that since the door checks were removed from the doors leading into the front office, that David Manning keeps them pretty well greased.

Everett O. Coburn and wife have recently returned from a belated honeymoon.

THE PACHEO-MARTIN WEDDING.
The bride and groom are former employees of the spinning department and the best man is yarn-man in No. 2 Spool Room.

The girls of the office have organized two bowling teams of five members each. The officers are

President—Violet Shanks.

Secretary and Treasurer—Helen Harriman.

Team A—Captain, Edna McLean; J. Cassidy, H. Harriman, V. Shanks, M. Kennedy.

Team B—Captain, Edith Cowburn; M. Clevette, M. Cassidy, M. Shanks, H. Hannigan.

Charlotte Burns, reporter for the Card Room and bookkeeper for the same, is leaving us to take charge of the new Book Lending Library at A. G. Pollard's Store. We will all be sorry to see her go, but wish her the best of luck in her new enterprise.

Notice to Reporters of the Lowell Division.

Kindly deliver your copy to the Editor not later than the 4th of each month.

Pictures and photographs should be in his hands by the 1st.

All drawings should be done in black ink.

Send in pictures and snap shots. We want them.

Reporters of some of the Departments have fallen down and are not reporting news items. We cannot run our section without YOUR help. Get busy, Lowell, and let's try to make the Lowell section the best ever.

Editor.

On Saturday, Oct. 22, the Overseers gathered outside of "Web's" door and presented him a handsome white gold Masonic charm, studded with sapphires. The office and clerical forces expressed their feelings in the presentation of an all leather, hand-sewn suit case.

Orrin Webster's leaving us,
We'll never see his like again;
He was very kind and thoughtful,
A prince among good men.
May health and wealth and happiness
Follow him where'er he goes;
I hope the Lord will for him
A fine position choose.
He inherited good nature,
He was always kind and true;
He was always helping others,
Or always helping you.
We'll surely miss you, Orrin,
Your kind and pleasant ways;
May the Lord be with you always,
Both now and all your days.

H. J. R.

YARD NOTES

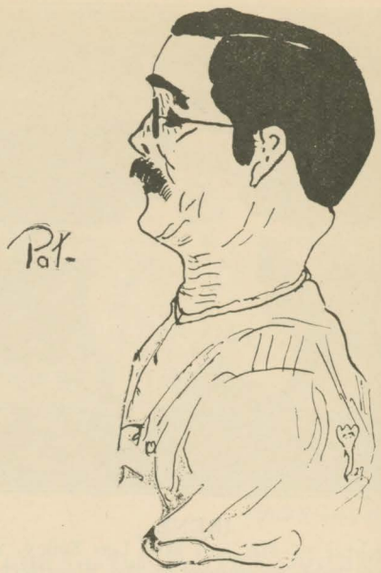
Dave, our genial watchman at the office gate, is sporting a new Fall hat. Dave says got it for a birthday present. He also did he got it for a birthday present. He also did look nice in his dark overcoat, so B. S. said.

John B. wants to know why Cook's name does not appear in print any more.

A grand race will take place Saturday, Oct. 29th, between J. P. Shields of the weaving department and John Bohn of the yard. They will race for a bottle of sweet pickles. Nothing sour about that, John, I can tell you.

Dave tells us that thunder storm in the late Fall is a sign of an open Winter. We are waiting to see.

The wife of a careless man is almost a widow.



WEAVE ROOM

Mr. Potter's arm is coming back since George S. threatened to fire him off the team.

We regret to hear of the death of Miss Margaret Finley. She had been employed a number of years as a weaver in No. 1 Mill. Our sympathy goes out to a sister, Elizabeth, and a brother Michael. Funeral was from the Immaculate Conception church, Saturday, Oct. 29th.

Our sympathy goes out to the family of Jose Espinola, cleaner in No. 1 Mill, who died Oct. 14, 1927.

Jack Shields' Ford balked in front of the Mayflower Gas Station the other noon. It must have recognized its ancestors or else the name of the boat that brought it over.

George M. Shields, second hand, is back at work after four weeks' illness.

Did you ever see anything like **them?**
The best of **them's** bad enough,
But to spend the rest of one's life with **them,**
Must be pretty darn tough.
They always are saying, "Where's **this** and where's **that?**"
They never can find a thing;
And the nearer it happens to be to them,
The more you hear them sing.
"Oh I can't find **this,**
And I can't find **that,**
Now where in the world did it go?
I put it **right here!**
But it just disappeared,
And where—I do not know."
Riddle:—What are **they?**
Answer in next Pepperell Sheet.

E. K.

The fellow who wins is the one who can come right back after every blow—the man who can stand the punishment and come up smiling every time—the one who increases his determination as the resistance to his purpose increases and holds on to his invincible faith in himself and the ultimate success of his efforts.

Do not allow tools or material to litter the floor or ground space.

Some of the employees of the weave room. Richard Potter is overseer.

CARD ROOM

Where the Merrimack and the Concord join
On their journey to the sea,
On a sign in golden letters
A name you'll plainly see.
It is known to history's pages
And to old-time family lore—
The name is Lady Pepperell,
You're to hear it more and more.
She tells of sheets and pillow cases
And of blankets made with care;
She gives to each great prestige,
They are well known everywhere.
Her name stamped on the cases
Is a first class guarantee
That they are the greatest in the market,
Wherever they may be.

H. J. R.

If the A. G. Pollard Stores
You should visit any day,
Call for Lady Pepperell's
Very pretty mill display.
Her Peggy Cloth and Blankets,
And her sheets beyond compare,
Also her pillow cases
That are noted for their wear.
She has many other offerings,
You may see them while you're there.

She is working to establish
In our dear old Lowell town
A business that will help us
To win world-wide renown.
So encourage her to prosper,
Help to make success today,
By pulling altogether—
That is the only way.

H. J. R.

SPINNING YARNS

No. 1 Spinning

Things that never happen:
Edward D. minding his business.
Dennis S. taking girls out.
Agnes B. missing something.
Beatrice T. not speaking to Leo.
Catherine G. working.

At a recent contest held in the room among the boys, Edward D. took first prize for the longest neck. Better be on the watch, Eddie, Jack S. is after your crown.

Oh, girls, did you notice that Grace B. is always smiling lately since she has a new gold tooth—how much, Grace, oh, how lovely.

What is this that we hear that "Sully" was all excited because she couldn't find her kimona. Who is the guilty one? Reward offered and no questions asked.

The Lady Pepperell Juniors' Football team will meet the strong Tylers A. C. on the South Common Sunday afternoon at 2.30. Some of the stars are: Biffer Burns, Steam Roller Harding and Strongheart Farley.

Eddie Davis knows his Doctor's rules, for he is always eating apples.

Harry S. never talks about baseball or football, but we know he likes "Chickens' Neck."

The most popular sport in this department is getting married, and our latest victim is Eva Pelletier.

If the spinners keep on going under operations there won't be an appendix left in the department.

WINDERS

Grace McAleer and Sadie B. took a tramp in the woods on day last week. The tramp escaped.

It won't be long now for Harold W. and Margaret G.

If Highland Hall burned down Catherine D. would be homeless.

Rose G. will talk her way into Heaven.

Sadie B. was out one day last week. What, another date, Sadie?

Teho B. was seen standing on the corner Wednesday night waiting for a fellow. She is still waiting.

Blanche P. is starting to go out nights now. What, no men?

Think it over. Fewer accidents in the mill and all will profit.

HI-JACKS

We wish "Lindy" would be more sociable and talk to us more, or is he waiting for an introduction. Come on, let's get acquainted.

Frances—Are you ticklish, Lil?

Lillian—Do I look it? I'm English.

Theresa McCarthy is right there with her bobbed hair and pearly teeth. It won't be long before she shakes her lacings. She is always singing "Just the Girl the Men Forget."

L. Birchall says it won't be long now, as she is going to get cut the first quarter she finds.

I wonder if Henry C. is as grouchy as he looks.

NO. 2 SPINNING

Love is like an onion. We taste it with delight, and when it's gone we wonder whatever made us bite.

There's a little fixer
Who works in number 2;
He always buys a pint,
But never keeps a chew.

How about it, Shorty?

Are you doing all you can every day to prevent accidents?

NAPPING ROOM

Stanley E. has a pipe for sale. He thinks it will bring more at public auction than at private sale. Are bids in order, Stanley?

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Evison, wife of one of our boys, is doing nicely in the Lowell General Hospital. Hope she will be home soon.

Dave E. is getting a wonderful training for a High Opera career. Hope you succeed, Davie.

Billy B. and James J. went to see the "Lowell Follies" the other night. Wonder if they found one to suit. Ask Jim.

George M., our waste man, has come back to work after a severe illness. Welcome back, George. We all hope you keep well from now on.

The Napping Room mystery is still unsolved, the jumper has not returned. Wonder why, Charley?

Pat C.'s son invented a wonderful instrument. It sings, plays and it talks. What is it, Pat?

Hail, Hail, the gang's all here. The Night Brigade has come back in heavy marching order.

John C. says he knows who wrote the story about the telephone girl. Will the bells ring soon, John?

James H., isn't it time to pop the question? It will soon be time for bridal parties.

Arthur D. would like to know who wrote up the stories about him. How are you guessing, Arthur?

Johnnie Z. has painted the room at his home. Everything is all spick and span now, John?

This is "Babyface" (Mary) Sullivan at the heavy age of six months. Little Mary is now a winder.

DRESS MADE OF LOWELL GOODS TAKES FIRST PRIZE

An evening dress of cotton and rayon fabric, manufactured at the Massachusetts mills in Lowell, and displayed by the Pepperell Manufacturing Co., was awarded first prize in the evening dress class at the style show of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers in Boston. The cloth is known to the trade as Oiseau Bleu. The gown itself was fashioned along sinuous lines sponsored by Paris. It was draped lower in the back than in the front and the skirt was faced with rose taffeta. A shoulder corsage blended the colors of the gown.

Another exhibit of the Pepperell Co. was an afternoon gown of Coq d'or, which so impressed Paul Poiret, Paris fashion expert, that he requested a special showing of it.

DRESS ROOM

NOT HIS JOB.

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see;
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So, I'll pass it by and I'll leave it there."
And the boss who paid his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way,
That he could have handled without delay,
Was left unfinished; the way was paved
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on, and he kept his place,
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of tasks he was hired to do;
For never once was he known to turn
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed,
And for all he did he was fairly paid,
But he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er;
For he knew too well when his work was through,
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young man,
You must do every day all the work you can.
If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it;
And you'll never conquer or rise, if you
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

DRESS ROOM NOTES

Sam says that "Dempsey will never fight again." How about it, Armand?

Jim Messer has to count his chickens every night before going to bed, in case his dog falls asleep while on duty.

Chase is quite a man with the broom. Oh, yes, he even brushes up a little conversation now and then while Martin is looking for a box of tools.

What is the attraction up around Moody Street at eleven o'clock on Saturday nights, Alice?

R. Kimball is thinking of taking up golf. He was seen going through all the motions the other day.

Danny, our champion joker, is at it again. This time he is pulling Pat's hair.

Come on, Sam, who is the girl you took to Boston last Thursday.

A. D. has teeth that shine like stars and they come out every night.

SLASHER ROOM

We wonder if:

The real reason for the hoboes' home being deserted is that hoboes are no more.

Rye Beach will ever close for the season.

Our floor walkers will always be independent.

A wise cracker will ever stop spitting around the machine.

Alle will keep on being the tonsorial artist.

Good days are going to last forever.

Hens really do pay.

Frank had made up with Cote.

Armand will ever stop talking fishy.

J. C. will learn to practice what he preaches.

The old mustache will come into being again.

The editors of the Sheet will kindly enter this in a separate column.

SHOP NOTES

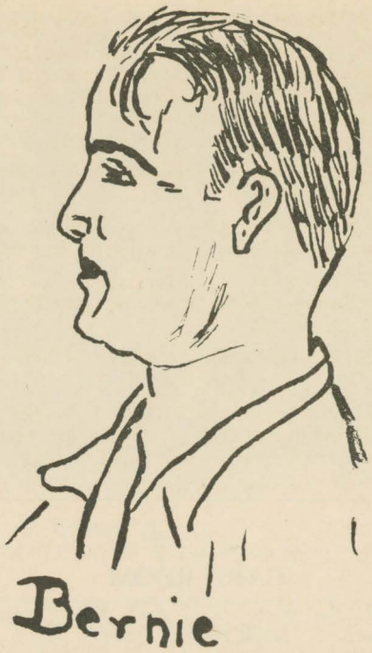
The Head of the electric shop has made a success of making his department burglar proof. Recently he could not get out himself.

Arthur Cantara, our popular switch board man, is running a taxi to Nashua on Sundays. His first customers were Sam Desmarais and wife and the baby.

It is a safe bet that Arthur Cantara, when driving over the bridge, will never pass an electric car again when taking on passengers. How much did it cost, Arthur?

The party who has inspected all the locks on windows and doors of the Electric Shop and who knows so much about the stolen articles—will probably have a watchman on his trail.

Victor, our water wheel expert, "says" that he remembers the day that Clarence ran down the hill, but not fast enough, and Walter lost his false teeth when he tried to help him out. What was the matter, Clarence?



Bernard Brady, our esteemed wool carder, left us on Saturday, Oct. 15th. It is certainly our loss and we wish him luck.

CLOTH ROOM NOTES

Laurette Tanguay claims that J. Norton's her type of a redhead and that J. Scollin is not. That is why Jimmie doesn't go to Haverhill any more. How about it, Laurette? Trade in Lowell, fellows.

They are going to have a talking contest in the cloth room. We know who will win it—Lillian Sullivan.

Joseph Scollin and Philo Baeyens are seen together quite often at the Crown Theater.

Nellie Tyers said she was not jealous, but we know different. She did not want to go to the Commodore Thursday night with Bill D. He dances and she doesn't.

Lillian McK. was see buying elastic in the Five and Dime recently. Says she can't afford losing any more hats and endangering her health. Janet L. and L. are now in the same class.

Angie's famous alibi—it's funny, but every time she eats an apple she gets a cold sore. Ha, ha.

It looks as though the red-headed boy's mustache, like the five-cent glass of beer, has gone forever. We hope so.

Mickey S. was back on the old job Sunday, carrying the water-pail for the Fenton A. A.

J. Dempsey was saying the next time he goes on a European trip he will go alone, as Joe Scollin tells everything.

This is another proof of Joseph Scollin's ability to handle animals and anything else. Joe has an ambition to be a rider and emulate the daring stunts of Will Rogers, but as Milt Daggett says, he will never be one unless he takes of that apron.

late the daring stunts of Will Rogers, but as Milt Daggett says, he will never be one

G. C., you'll have to use the soap H. L. was talking about if you don't cut out the lunches. Of course, H. L. couldn't do without a lunch. She wants to be a good armful for "Liver Quinn." How about it, J.?

They have L. B. spoiled. She's losing her perfect thirty-six.

Our B. M. is out sick so we won't put any remarks in until she is in a better humor.

A. S. has gone to the dogs altogether since her boy friend proposed. We'll keep an eye on you, A.

K. M. is quite a mouse trainer. You had better go in the business, K.

L. L. is going to see "Rose of the Golden West" because there's a dark man with a mustache in it. We won't have L. long.

What's the attraction outside, A. B. and F. S.? Oh, yes, a new girl. Better toss up, Frank.

A. B. is out sick. We hope she will be in soon. We miss her smiling face.

P. L. and B F. are alleymates now The two Spanish onions. B. is getting fat. P., you had better cut out the bananas.

S. G. is reducing. She refuses lunches.

M. M. is collecting diamonds. They are Woolworth the money. That right, M.? C. L. misses A. L. She hasn't been the same since he went out. A. O. looks fine and is her old self again.

Now the Textile boys are back J. M. will have a busy season.

J. Scollin: "What happened to the mustache?" M. Finneral says it was perfect, so paint another one, Joey, dear—you have such a kind face—"funny kind."

The readers of the Pepperell Sheet extend their sincerest sympathy to Miss Annie Owen in the recent death of her mother.

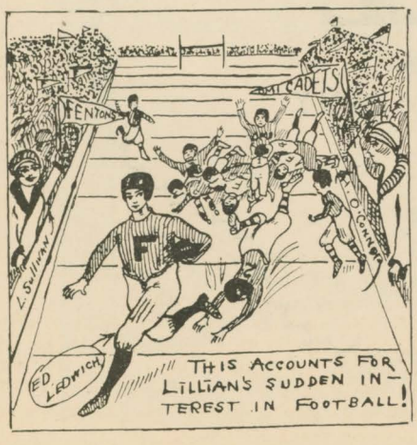
Don't you care, Joe, you are all right in a way, but you don't weigh much.

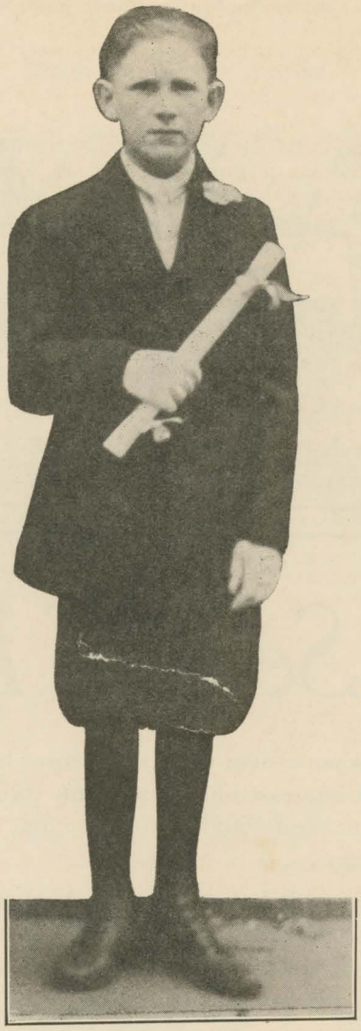
Speaking of "horses" in the last month's issue we wish to state that a couple more are needed. Will Messrs. Dempsey and Jarrett please apply and see if the harness fit them?

I wonder what made Nellie laugh so much when a fellow told her what J. Dempsey's "rubber outfit" was for. (Rainey Days) What could be "Slicker."

"Fair exchange is no robbery," says E. S., but dad doesn't think it very fair when a handsome cloth room boy with a monicker Sam J. visits his home to spend an evening with his pretty daughter and upon departing takes a brand new fedora, leaving a dilapidated one not the right size, and far from the color that the conservative father always chooses for his headgear. If the owner will call and take the old hat away. He can have the other one. No doubt it was an unexpected transfer. The initials S. J. were in the hat.

J. Scollin certainly is a mystery to the girls in the cloth room. Joe was only working here two days when the girls frightened him out of his wits, also his mustache. Now, he no sooner enters from the storehouse when you look, and behold, you will see Joseph falling over trucks, brushing against the wall, in fact, anything that will keep him a safe distance from the girls. We do not know for a fact, but we think some one told Joe that the girls in the cloth room are desperate and are always on the lookout for men, especially red-haired ones. Now, Joey, if you have that impression in your head, get rid of it right away, for the girls in the cloth room are rather tame, and not the barbarous creatures you imagine. Watch him closely, girls.





"Mickey" S., the boy with the illuminating top, and a former trucker, is about to resign as press agent of the Cloth Room. "Mickey" is right there with the bedtime stories.

WEAVE ROOM

Julia McCarthy, room girl in Sec. 12, is still broadcasting from C-A-N-A-L. Julia is still hanging on.

Wanted: A few good bowlers. Apply G. M. Shields, Weave Room. Watch out, Silva. He's after you now.

What is the matter with J. F. S., the correspondent? He must be jealous, or believes in the old adage, No news is good news.

Nap. Nadeau, loomfixer, wants his picture put in the sheet so his friends down in Biddeford will see it, so here goes, fellows, see if you can find him. He is a little stouter now than he used to be when he went fishing at Camp Ellis.

Bessie Greenhalgh is still looking for that picture in the sheet.

Reports come from some of the clerks in the Weave Room that Mrs. Mary Hodgson's daughter is very pretty and looks just like her mother.

I'll Build Me a House

I'll build me a house—well, I don't know of what,
For it isn't much money, the money I've got,
But I'll build me a house, if its roof is of thatch,
With a rock for a doorstep, a thong for a latch.
Yes, I'll build me a house, build a house of my own,
And of logs or lumber, or brick or of stone,
For I want me a house, be it plaster or pine,
And it doesn't much matter, as long as it's mine.
I'll build me a house—well, perhaps on a hill,
Or below in a hollow, if heaven so will,
But I'll build me a house, on the highlands or low,
For the wife and the kids and a chicken or so.
Oh, I'll build me a house, for a man's not a man
Who some sort of way cannot figure or plan
To build him a house, be it mighty or small,
For the size of the house doesn't matter at all.
I'll build me a house, I'm determined on that;
I'm tired of your tenement, sick of your flat;
I'll build me a house and it mayn't be grand,
But I'll own the gateway and I'll own the land.
I'll build me a house, for a bird builds a nest,
And a dog has a place he can hide from the rest;
There is some sort of a hole that is home to a mouse,
And I may be poor—but I'll build me a house.

—American Lumberman.

Some of Ruth Hardy's little friends who attended her birthday party. Ruth is six years old.

The Seal of Pride

In the olden days when a man was proud of his handiwork, he melted a bit of wax and impressed his mark in the softened material. This mark was his personal seal, and he took care that it appeared only on things worthy of him.

The Lady Pepperell Label is the mark of the Pepperell looms on sheets and pillow cases in which they take pride. For Lady Pepperell sheets and pillow cases are the best efforts of an organization that has devoted many years of high effort to the service of American housewives.

Woven by highly trained craftsmen from selected cotton, you may be sure that the Lady Pepperell label appears only on goods that you will come to prize as much as does the organization that is proud to make them.

Lady PEPPERELL

SHEETS *and* PILLOW CASES

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
160 STATE STREET
BOSTON, MASS.
Mills at BIDDEFORD, MAINE

LADY PEPPERELL SHEETS *are made in Biddefora by a group of men and women who live in Biddeford and know how to make good, honest sheets.*